

PICTURES AT AN EXHIBITION

GEORGE FULLEN

When days are like an endless frescoed wall
Where long forgotten artists painted scenes
Of Bacchanalian revelings to honor all
Humanity's too well remembered libertines,
When nights are like a painting which profanes
The sacred sanctum of our purest dreams,
Portraying passions as a lust which pains
A lover and is never what it seems,
Then sharp desire which cannot be denied
Bids looking to my solitary state.
I raise my palette to portray my bride
Serene, well-tempered, wise—a perfect mate.
I shall not answer to the siren's call;
She holds me still who holds me not at all.